

# Imprisoned

## Mithotyn

Oh, cruel destiny,  
is this what you had in mind,  
is this where my trail ends.  
I think back on what went wrong,  
have I not done noble deeds  
and been an honourable man. Behind these prisonbars I hear  
the distant cries of a falcon  
riding the eternal winds.  
I long so to just breath fresh air  
and to take a walk in the wild.  
Will I ever look upon the sun again. Chained to hunger and loneliness  
inside this filthy dungeons.  
I will see my son nomore,  
I wish not to be looked upon  
since I am not the man I was before. God of wisdom.  
God of knowledge.  
I now pray to you;  
Save my soul.

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